Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that *I* may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now, *I* perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musicion.

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the welsh Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Ladie sings a welsh Song

Hot. Come, ile haue your song to.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue, in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, sing.

La. *I* will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As Hot. Lord Percy, is on fire to go:

By